ing my toes at a certain angle, as the riding-master did some years after, but he taught

master due carry my pony over a four-railed me how to carry my pony over a four-railed fence without raising a hair on my youthful head—"jist by sittin' still in the saddle."

The great trouble is that haif the men who ride on horseback have no sympathy

with the animals they bestride. Perhaps they can't when they ride one one day and another the next. I could never see any

fun riding on a strange horse unless you use the animal purely as a means for getting somewhere. A horse is one of the most intelligent and sympathetic of dumb

animals. The average horse has twice the natural intelligence of the average dog.

Treat him well and you can teach your horse to do almost every thing except to

talk. To really enjoy a horseback ride your horse should be a part of yourself, he should

know your moods, your wishes, almost your thoughts. That is one reason that women,

as a general cule, ride so much better than

school. They feed them with candy and lumps of sugar, they caress them and the

horses grow into sympathy with and affec-tion for their fair riders. Some of the swellest girls in New York who own their

own saddle-horses have their steeds as well trained as their pet dogs. Miss Georgie Hicksher, who was one of the most grace-ful and daring riders in the city, used to

have a horse which would follow her any-

where, come when she called, and respond

to her lightest touch on the rein, showing

perfect sympathy. They understood each

But with hired horses this is hardly prac-

ticable. The poor brutes have all the natural spirit taken out of them by hard usage at

the hands of brutal and ignorant stable-

own riding horse in the metropolis. Thirty-

five dollars a month is about as cheap as a horse can be bounded at a stable, with

shoes, tips to the hostlers and incidental

expenses will amount to fifty dollars a

200

THE GERMAN SEAT.

your top boots, breeches and "pink," if you

popular among a certain class of our finness

dorse were simply riding coats and nothing more. "Covert coats," they are called in

England, because it is the fashion to wear them to the "meet," and they are handed

over in charge of a groom when the hard

They are no more appropriate for an

evening garment than top boots would be and they are as much out of place over a

strapped down over the shoes.

ride well, and, as a consequence, our fash-

could lift her horse over a five-barred gate,

make a fair score at the clay pigeons with a

lessly unfashionable, and her buoyant spir-

its and stordy health would have been in-dicative of a hopeless lack of refinement in

is true. Happily the athletic girl is in fash-

ion, and her weaker sister, who is cursed with "nerves," has to take a seat away in the rear. At Tuxedo, Newport, Lenex and

as well as for tennis and the more feminine

of the out-door amusements. The result

you can see any afternoon on Broadway, Fifth avenue and in the park; a generation

the carriages seem to be almost entirely left to old ladies and invalids. Later in the

a day's ride of the city. These equestrian

leties and consequent good health, a ten-dency for which all interested in the wei-

fare of the rising generation should be

Scrubbed Carpets with Him.

ion't know what I'm going to do!"

ALLAN FORMAN.

riding begins.

month or six hundred dollars a year, then

And one must be wealthy to keep his

ne mistress were in

THE OLD FILES.



Sunday has come—the day of rest, Business pauses at its behest. While quiet reigns on every street. The little city, clean and neat, Is noted for its moral ways, And has been since the early days

Some, of course, who live therein Are not beyond the power of sin.
Some will tattle and gossip and talk. Life's path is crowded-every walk Is filled with people of different caste-The good and bad, from first to last.

Upon this Sabbath day so pure To judge them all, I m very sure, Is not for me, nor yet for you. 'Tis such a little thing to do! "Judge not," said One, and we have read, "Lest judgment falleth on thy head."

And as they pass, a quiet throng, To worship and to prayer and song, We'll call them just—good gentlefolk, And blessings on each head invoke. A pretty city, neat and clean, No better people live, I ween,

But there is one, if man may daro To judge his fellow mortals here, Who can a nistory unfold. He has a "Record"—musty, old; And in its pages, week by week, This perfect record we may seek.

Now, while the people sing and pray, We'll stand beside the old arm-chair, Where sits our gray-baired editor. Before him on the table lie The pages of this history.

This is a record full of years; It tells of hopes and joys and fears; It speaks of many battles fought; It mirrors public speech and thought-Within its every page and line This record's mission was divine!

Our city, since its early days, Is noted for its moral ways. Yet, 'ere those "early days" begun, The town—and one indeed to shun— Was here, and lost to every Godly fear! And now our " Record" dots appear. The times were new, the people crude,

Good meaning words were infacoustrue. To take a hold stand for the right. Brought down upon the luckless wight. A score of taunts and even blows, All this our record truly shows.

But right was might, and ever is. The dram shops, breeding miss ries, Were first to fail, as, blow on blow. The fearness writer laid term low. His pen, upe, mightier than the sword, Began to labor for the Lord.

He turns the pages slowly o'er, e buttle waxes long and sore, Evils must cease; a warning cry Is made to idlers standing by: Seek ye the vineyard, honest toll: Go bails the village, till the soil!

And to every good it gives.
The churse is built, and that its debt hay never grow to vex and fred. The struggling few, he pays the most. Of this, the record falls to boust.

Where eight has gained a victory. Then durliness cause, and troubles oft; List to these tear draps, failing soft; Hore is a record he can not hide: Here is a report he can not hide: The wife he loved, the day see died.

Our record lengthens, yet we stay, one who went to sing and pray Are immercal going in picasum mo The mustegrand—the sermen good, Still turn the pages! Record old, You have not all thy history told,

A story of toll-ave, years of to A record of deeds, both HI and well; Of bribes refused from party petf; A constant blindness to fame and set.

The record tells it -and tells it all. We could read more, if so disposed. The record, we know, is incomplete;

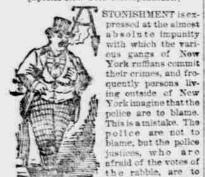
It must be so it is not meet.
That it should bear one word or line.
Of this grand secret, which is mine. For all this work and toil, we fear, tly, the editor must not hear) He has not known one word of praise,

Not even since those "early days." It is his business," the people say And thus they calmly go their way. Who made our city since "those days"? o fought its buttles, nobly, too;

Who lights them now, do I, or you? A pretty city, next and clean. No better people live, I ween. GAY DAVIDSON.

### SWEET'S LETTER.

Gang Rule in New York-The Humorist Satirizes the Condition of Things Exist-· ing in the Metropolis. [Special New York Correspondence.]



their crimes, and freing outside of New York imagine that the police are to blame. This is a mistake. The police are not to blame, but the police afraid of the votes of the rabble, are to

blame. It is almos as they are immediately turned loose to here, waiter, can again prey on the public. In fact, these rare roast beeff gangs are masters of the situation, and their leaders are lords of all they survey.

The following actual occurrence will give some idea of how completely the New York justices are under the thumbs of these gangs. A policeman who had only recently joined the force was placed on duty in one of the dangerous precincts. While walking his beat he observed a tough knock down a well-dressed citizen and proceed to rob the Insensible victim of his watch and money The new policeman ran to the spot, collared the ruffian, saving: "Now you come right along with me to the station."

The ruffian, who was none other than Patsy Doyle, the leader of the celebrated Whyo gang, was paralyzed with astonishment. He had been in the business of robbing and murdering men for years, but this was the first time a policeman had collared him. He had hobsobbed with policemen, and cocasionally he had been obliged to rebuke them with a club, but never before had a

policeman dared to lay his hands on the chief of the Whyo tribe, save in kindness. "You come right along with me," said
the fresh policeman, tugging at the tough,
Patsy Doyle gave the peculiar "Whyo, O!"
call and in a moment the street swarmed

"King of the content of with the hardest crowd of toughs that can be imagined. The life of the policeman would have been sacrificed, but the leader raised his hand, and they did not interfere. The frightened officer relaxed his grasp of

the prisoner, who exclaimed angrily "No, you don't come that game on me, or less rash.

I'm not going to let you off. You have got to come right along with me. I'm going to take you before my friend, Justice Mudony. I arrest you for interfering with a member of the Whyo gang."

"I didn't know that you were Patsy Doyle, of the Whyos," said the now thoroughly frightened officer.
"It was your business to have known it.

to make make them to Justice Muldooney, replied the thig.

The officer promised that he would not attempt to escape if the robber would not hold on to his arm, but his request was not ac-

When Patsy Doyle, the chief of the Whyos, reached the police court, Justice Muldoony was trying a case, but he stopped the proceedings, and coming down from the bench and taking both of Patsy's hands in his, shook them warmly, and exclaimed; What gives me this pleasure! How are

the boys coming on?"
"Your Honor could not guess in a month what brings me here. It's the best joke of the season," said the chief of the thugs. "I can't imagine," responded Judge Mul-

"You will not believe it, but this fresh policeman of yours undertook to arrest me, so I just took his club away from him and brought him along. What do you say to

"He was quarreling with a man," said the policeman, in explanation. "You are a liar," said Patsy, "There was no quarrel about it. I knocked the man down and robbed him. You were there and



TOU DON'T COME THAT GAME ON ME, MIS-

are trying to beg out of it. Here is the man's watch. Do you deny that you saw ne take this watch off the man?" "Policeman," said Justice Muldooney, "are you endeavoring to shield that man whom my friend Patsy went through! Have the police of New York sunk so low that they can't be relied on even to tell the

The guilty policeman hung his head. "He even made motions to hit me with his club, and used profane language on the public streets," continued Parsy, looking

ternly at the wretched man. "It is absolutely incredible," exclaimed Justice Muldooney; I would not have be-lieved that there was such a scoundrel on the force. Hand over your badge and club. You are not fit to be a member of the New

Hold on, your Honor," said the chief of the Whyes; "I don't want to be too hard on this unfortunate devil. He is too fresh, and didn't know what his duty was. He is only a policemen anyhow. Give him another "Patsy," replied his Honor, " you are too

kind-hearted. He is not worthy of your sympathy. When an officer insults a friend of this court he has got to go, and I'll see that some good man belonging to the Whyo Patry laughed at this, and said in reply:

"Does your Honor suppose there is any number of my gang that don't make more money every month than a policeman's "Yes, I suppose your boys make more

have more of the gang on the force," re-"They don't like to compromise them-

I have the bardest work in the world getting them to accept positions on the poforce. They even object to being elected "How about mer" asked the policeman,

midly, "am I to be punished?"
"It's not for me to say," replied, the jus-"Ju's just as Patsy here wants it. Do you want me to keep him on the force,

Let the duffer stay; but dock his salary for twenty dollars as a voluntary contribufor some beer, and you adjourn court, and come into the back room. I want to talk to you about the candidates in my ward." And taking the justice's arm, Patsy Doyle, the chief of the Whyos, led his friend, Justice Muldooney, into the little back room to consult about the political situation. ALLE E. SWEET.

"Rasmus, et 'pears tew me sour boy's gittin' smarter an' more chipper every day," said Deacon Elderberry's wife. "His tarm at collidge done 'im or paower er good. I allus telled ye he was smart." "I guess he's bin er workin' some of his

puns on ye, Becky, hain't hel" ejaculated the "Nan, he hain't; he jest axed or conundrum erbout what ship's alles s'posed ter

be laden with ther most knowledge. I sed "Er course not. Haow shud ye!" "He sed t was professorship in the books; but he never seed one with er cargo ex

No Elevated Railroad Accident Here. Gent from New York-Yes, you have a magnificent city, but (triumphantly) you have no elevated railroad.

Gent from Chicago -No-o, but (with satisfaction) we have prosperous life insurance companies. Eare Enough.

Guest (to waiter in small hotel) - See

here, waiter, can't you get me a piece of iter-Rare? Sho', boss, dat beef is rare

'nuff; fust us had in er munt. European Plan. "How would you prefer death?" the reporter had asked the prisoner sentenced to death. "As I have lived," answered the

prisoner, "on the Eu-rope-an plan." Had Better Change Names.

"This paper states that America now furnishes Europe with beef, flour, apples, potatoes, butter and cheese," said old Jarbor to his partner, as they sat looking over the orning dailies.
We had better change names with

Germany then," grunted his partner. "If what you read then is true, we have the best right to the name of Fodderland."

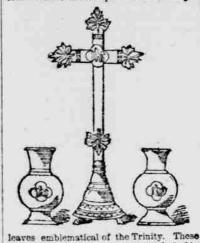
He Had Business Ideas. Pitying old lady to street beggar-Poor man, are you blind? Street Beggar (with frezen politeness)-

Can't you read? itatively) it takes money to buy real es-

hands and others use pencils.

TO MANNING'S MEMORY.

Sich Easter Gift of His Widow to St. Paul's Church, Albany. The widow of Secretary Manning has presented St. Paul's Church, at Albany, with a memorial Easter gift to her late husband. It is in the form of a Latin cross, executed in polished brass. The center is quarterfoil, bearing I. H. S. in monogram. Each arm That's what you are a policeman for. Don't attempt to escape. If you have any excuses



are satin-finished and contrast admirably with the polished brass of the cross. The cross itself is forty inches high. On the base is engraved in Gothic text the following inscription:

To the Greater Glory of God and in Loving Memory of DANIEL MANNESS, Born Aug. 45, 184, Died Doc. 24, 1867,

This gift of the cross is supplemented by another beautiful offering in the shape of two altar vases. These are fifteen inches high, engraved in the same manner as the

The bodies of the vases are perfectly

round, representing the globe and rest on round feet. In the center is the sacred monogram matching that on the cross.

Mrs. Manning has many tender memories of St. Paul's Church. Not only was the late Secretary one of its earnest members for many years, but she was married to Mr.

Manning by the present rector, Dr. Reese, your whips, spurs, riding coats, and boots, When the Secretary lay upon his deathbed among the last sounds he heard on earth were the sacred chants of the choir of St. Paul's wafted through the window of the room in which he died, and it was its rector who preached the funeral sermon .-N. Y. Warid.

### NEW YORK LETTER.

Horseback Riding the Latest Craze in Swell Gotham Society-Various Styles of Morsemanship-Unique Riding Costumes. [Special Correspondence.



ciety craze this season and the dude or dudine who does go in for fox hunting, will cost you as much not appear more. Why the scarlet fox hunting cost on horse should be called "pink" is something not back in the even an Englishman, in whose country the park every term originated, can explain. It is a misuse pleasant aftermoon is cuse, on a par with our misuse of the concuse, on a par with our misuse of the concuse, on a par with our misuse of the concuse, on a par with our misuse of the concuse, on a par with our misuse of the concuse. - pleasant afaway behind the age. As a natural result cont," which swept through duddedn like

the loungers in the park see some very ex- an epidemie a few years ago. Those little, cellent equestrianism and some glowing ex-amples of how not to ride; for the gift of the side, seams in the back, which were so grace is not governed by bank accounts nor pedigrees, and you are just as Ekely to see the millionere descendants of the Van Wonters sitting on his horse like a sack of meal on a sawbuck as the young bank clerk who spends a good part of his forty dellars a week in hanging on to the ragged edges of society. Riding schools where lessons are given at from one to three dolriding schools are, after all, of not much avail. The schools teach three distinct styles of riding. The natural or American and they are as much out of place over a dress suit as a flannel shirt would be at an evening reception. Yet at the theaters, in the hotels and on Broadway are as much out of place over a dress suit as a flannel shirt would be at an evening reception. lars per hour are established for the in-struction of the timerous or clumsy, but styles of riding. The natural, or American mency than a polecosan, but I would like to method, where the horse is trained to pace or canter and the rider sits easily in the mich or two below the upper garment, and

where children are trained to sit on a horse almost as soon as they can talk, and it is the method of the cowboy, who literally lives in the saddle. It is the easiest for horse and rider, but unfortunately it is not fashionable. It's not "English, you know. Very few riders in the park affect the American style except those who are fortunate enough to own pacing or cantering horses. The English and German fashions are most in vogue in the schools, and both are suffi-ciently ugly, tiresome and ungraceful. In the English style, which is popularly supposed to be the seat affected by the British nobility when they ride "to hounds," the rider leans a little forward in the saddle and rises in his stirrups with every motion of



ENGLISH STYLE.

his horse, pounding down upon the poor trip-hammer. There is very little security in the seat, and the slightest stumble or balk of the horse is liable to send the rider over his herse's head. Unless the rider is an expert you can see the blue sky between him and the saddle at every rise. In the German style, on the contrary, the rider sits bolt upright and grasps the horse between his knees, never moving from the

anddle. It is more graceful to look at than the English style, but it is simple torture to the rider. All his interior organization is jounced up into his throat every time his horse steps, and it is an absolute impossi bility to keep it up for any length of time. The fact that many of our New York swells have been ranching or hunting in the West has made the American style more popular this season, to the delight of good riders and

SOME girls shade their eyes with their the disgust of foreign riding-masters.

Any body who has nerve can ride in the American style without any lessons. I remember well the first and only instruction I ever received when, as a youngster, I was "Scrubbed carpets with your husband!
It's no wonder that he became worn out and
died at forty, then," ananued Mrs. Scoroben. JEAN LINN.

put upon the cack of a mustang poay in cal-ifornia. "Don't you git skeered," said the old plainsman, as he gave me the bridle. "Jest you set still in the saidle. Ef he trice Oh, hand na yer neddle sae hie, ma dool Oh, hand na yer noddle sae hie! The days that hae been may be yet again seen, Sae look nae sae lightly on me, ma doo! to run away, keep on settin' still and you'll git thar as soon as he does." He did not tell me any thing about holding the reins be-tween three fingers of the left hand and keep-Sae look no sae lightly on me!

Oh, geck na' at hame hodden gray, Jean Linn, Oh, geck na' at hame hodden gray! Yer gutcher and mine wad thocht themsels fine In deiden' sae bein, bonnie May, bonnie May— In deiden' sae bein, bonnie May.

Ye mind when we won in whinglen, Jean Linn, Ye mind when we won in whinglen, Your daddy, douche curie, was cotter to mine An' our herd was yer bonnie sel' then, Jean Linn, An' our herd was yer bounle sel' then. Oh, then ye were a' thing to me, Jean Linn!

Oh, then ye were a' thing to me!
An' the moments scour'd by like birds through
the sky,
When tentin' the owsen wi' thee, Jean Linn! When tentin' the owsen wi' thee twined ye a bower by the burn, Jean Linn, I twined ye a bower by the burn, But dreamt na' that hour, as we sat in that bower, That fortune wail tak' sie a turn, Jean Linn,

That fortune wad tak' sie a turn. Ve busk noo in satins fu' braw, Jean Linn. as a general rule, ride so much better than
men. Women pet their horses, even if
they are only the hired hacks of a riding
Term yer puir ploughman, Jack Law, Jean

An' I'm yer puir ploughman, Jack Law.

APPRECIATIVE MISS TERRY.

Her Knack of Making Friends-Reward of a Dudish Young Gentleman. Ellen Terry has a knack of making friends since she made one at least who will not for-

Her carriage was standing in front of a New York florist's and a knot of people had gathered to see her leave the store and cross the pavement before driving off. Presently Miss Terry was in the doorway, a bunch of flaming chrysanthemums in her hand.

The shoppers and young men about town stood their ground for an instant to take in the effect of the fluffy light hair, the big gray eyes and the trim figure in a dark tailor gown. Then they feil back hastily, haif ashamed of the curiosity, for people pay more than an average degree of deference to the charming English actress on the street. The movement was so sudden that the

iniest of girl peddlers, a little creature not over 5 or 6 years old, with a handful of bright colored whips, was thrown down. She had been standing just on the curb, and but for the quick movement of a rather dudish young -of the Bob Hilliard rather than the Berry Wall type, however-who split a very neat glove in the lungs to pick her up, would have rolled under the heels of Miss Terry's mirited team.

The child gave one gulp, half of fright and half of surprise, and then looked round for the bunch of whips, imperturbably composed once more, as the manner of the gamin is. Miss Terry dropped change enough to have bought up the whole stock into the lit-ils but dirty hand and then held out her own with a quick movement of cordiality to the dudish young man, leaving her chrysanthemums in his. She did not say a word and she was gone in an instant, for Miss Terry hates crowds, but her glance was expressive enough to stand for a volume, and the young man pulled off the torn glove—it was the one she had touched-and stowed it away in a pocketbook, handling it very respectfully as a treasured memento, staring after the carriage like one in a dream. He looked down at the flowers she had left him almost incredulously, passed his hand over them and then across his forehead to reassure himself he was not living in fairyland, and added some good sized silver bits, by way of getting down to an everyday basis again, to the bonanza with which the litte peddler was making off. Ellen Terry had reduced a slave to bondage, and as for lookers on they liked the young man better than they usually liked

iudes. -New York Cor. Washington Post. The Transformation Was Complete. I was invited to a party a few evenings ago. The host is the father of two children and the husband of a lady who knows how to be entertaining. The young gentleman who sat at the piano had been engaged for the tails of their under coats showing an the occasion and rejoiced in the prefix of pro-fessor. There was no brutality in his treatsaidle and enjoys himself, this is by far the inspiring the average beholder with an almost uncontrollable desire to kick the most uncontrollable desire to kick the most uncontrollable desire to kick the if he liked them, as if he knew their resources offending tails and the wearerout of sight In the matter of siding costumes gentle- and just how to exhaust them to the best admen are allowed a much wider latitude santage. He was worth looking at as he than ladies. A silk hat, a dark four-but-toned cut-away coat and light gray trow-sers cut rather full above the knee and pathy with it, when it broke into tempest closely fitting the calf of the leg, strapped and torrent his energies were roused in prodown over light patent leather shoes, are portion. He played upon himself just to the without doubt the correct thing, but Derby extent that he used the piano. A character hats and high riding boots, short hunting manifestly effeminate under ordinary cirbreeches are quite as commonly seen in the park. Dark colors have and vigor when the score called for life and

long been the rule for ladies' riding habits action and softened into rare dreaminess as and very dark bine, green and brown broad- as the theme melted or became subdued. cloths have had the call. This season, how- Thoroughly at home where he sat, in an ever, I have noticed a marked tendency unfortunate moment the host asked him to toward lighter colors and mixed fabrics, the give an amateur a chance. He left the pian long skirts have been much abbreviated, stool, taking a sent on the other side of the parior. The transformation was complete and the best ladies' tailors no longer make trousers with the habits. Dark jersey tights He turned in his toes, looked sheepish and and dainty patent leather top boots having smbarrassed and seemed to have such a faint taken the place of the old-fashioned trousers | idea of what his hands were made for that he literally did not know what to do with them. As I have suggested, the average of good In due time the amateur performance came riders is larger among ladies than among to an end, as even amateur performance gentlemen. It is the "correct thing" to must, and with a sixth of great relief to must, and with a sigh of great relief the professor resumed his stool. The fish was back ionable girls are improving in health and in the water. Nobody saw his toes and nogood looks. Twenty years ago the girl who body cared anything about them. The one thing that above all others he knew was just pull a good oar, play a game of tennis and what to do with his hands. There was general rejoicing when under the magic of his fingers the piano breathed freely on rifle would have been looked upon as hopebut whather it was because the professor had begun again or the amateur had stopped is one of those problems invested with so much the eyes of her friends. To-day the reverse delicacy that doubt is preferable to solution. -Brooklyn Eagle.

Many of the leading statesmen are good Prench scholars. Edmunds reads French

other fashiounble resorts girls go in for rid-ing, trioyeling, rowing, bowling, shooting, easily. Hoar has many French books in his library. Hitt, of Illinois, can talk the language like a Farisian. Allen G. Thurman's amusements lie in the reading of French novels, and John Sherman's library is full of of robust, lithe, graceful, wholesome young foreign books of finance, and he reads the though he does not speak it. Thur-On these pleasant afternoons of early man learned the French at the same time spring the park is full of riding parties and be learned to smuff. It was when he was a boy. A French professor, who had a very cretty daughter, asked Thurman's mother to season parties will be made up to go to take charge of the girl, and she did so on Tuxedo, Irvington and other points within parties were very popular last year, and the maiden and taking lessons of the professor he got a foundation of the language which is not surpassed by that of any of our public riding club was a feature of society life at Lenox. With the rapid growth of the leisure class in New York, some means of men. The old professor snuffed and the boy healthful recreation becomes imperative, begged pinches of the titillating powder be and our society leaders, who are all more or tween the sentences, and thus acquired the less tinged with Anglomania, naturally turn habit, which has stuck to him through life, to England, where the social conditions are and which, added to his big nose and the to a certain extent similar, for the lead in gorgeous handkerchief which he uses to wipe the matter of amusements. Though we may scoff at the efforts of American society t, has given him the title of "Knight of the dana."-Frank G. Carpenter in New to follow in English tracks, there is no doubt that we owe to Anglomania the pres-ent tendency toward out-door sports, ath-

A man's temper is one of the few things which improves by disuss. The Yosemite on Trust.

Have you ever done the Yosemite! If not, postpone your departure until the latest possible moment, and then stay where you are. "I do so wish I could think of some Go to an art gallery and buy some views of the valley; they will give you more satisfacthing I could use to clean my carpets," im-petuously ejaculated Editor Scorober's tion than taking the journey and you will save money. Although we went under the wife, as she stood with arms akimbo and gazed ruefully at the many ink-spots on the most favorable conditions-our party of ten carpet around the little desk her husban just filling the stage, with no outsiders and used when writing at home. "I declare! I no crowding-still, unless one is biessed with a perfect digestion, no nerves, the patience "I always used my husband," quietly hinted her aunt, Widder Grindom. of Job, the amiability of an angel, and the constitution of a gorilla, one had better take the Yesemite on trust.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

STAY EAST, YOUNG MAN.

The Other Side of the Question Lies in the Man of Grit. Ex-Assemblyman Walter G. Smith, of Tompkins county, is in California. He tells The Ithaca Journal all about the frosts, the ice and the \$30 a ton coal. Hear him:

"If you are making a living in the state of New York curb your nomadic impulses and stay there. It is God's own country. do not appreciate that fact as well as I do, sitting among the sand hills and disputing a right to them with the fleas; sitting here nid frosts and rain and cold and heat, and looking forward to eight months of drought. It may seem little enough to you, but as for us, we want to see the grand procession of the eastern seasons—the snowbanks of win-ter, the brightening bloom of spring, the rich garniture of summer, the scarlet and gold of autumn. We want to see a stream of fresh water and a well of the same. We want to see silk hats and short hair. We want something good to eat, and to be where we can find a decent home to live in for less than \$60

There are, of course, some tempera calculated to profit by the acceptance of Mr. Greeley's famous advice, "Young man, go but there are a good many more young men who can do quite as well in the east if they will only make up their minds to do it. The difference between the west and the east is very well described by the old farmer's saw about the comparative merits of farms: "There's more in the man than in the land." A young man with brains and grit will get rich in the east as well as in the west, and will thank Mr. Smith for the

There are thousands of acres of unimproved land here in the eastern states, in New York, New Jersey, Delaware, Maryland and Virginia, convenient to large city markets, where the young man who is not afraid of work can make a royal living after a few years of plucky activity. As a rule, such land can be bought and cleared for less per acre than would be required to set one's self up as a farmer on some remote western tract of land, and then there will be the additional advantages of a climate to which one is accustomed and convenience to markets. The last named is very important, and is too often ignored.

Stay east, young man. The east can get along without you, but both you and it can get along very well together if you will. If you will only do in the east half the real, live, wideawake hustling that you would have to do if you went west, you will be well off in a few years. The capabilities of the eastern states are not half developed yet. Read, think, keep your eyes open for sugges-tions, and above all, work, and you will be all right even if you don't go west.—New York Press.

The Glasses Which Cheer. "Glad to see you looking so well. The last

time I saw you you were pale, and I was worried by your depression. What have you been doing?"
"I bought a pair of glasses. That was all."
The manager of a large business establish-

ment on Union square had met a friend whom he had not seen before in months, and the former's renewed health was the subject of the conversation. Tell me all about it."

"You remember how I felt last spring. I was hardly able to do any work. I had shooting pains through my head, and I felt dizzy ing pains through my head, and ries dis-after I had been an hour or so in the office. I thought I was billous, and I took enough pills to start a drug store. They only weak-ened me. Then I went to my doctor. He said I was drinking too much. So I stopped even beer, but got no better. I went to him again. He gave me a thorough examination and suggested that I stop smoking. So I broke off that habit, with no gain in health. All this time I was taking medicine by the quart. He next told me I must take a vaca-tion. I did so. The first day I was in the country I lolled around in the open air, and the next morning I felt better than I had done in months. That day I rolled into a hammock and read a novel. The next morning I was as badly broke up as before. I rested that day and felt better the next. Finally I began to connect the use of my eyes with my sickness. I drove into the nearest village, bought a pair of spectacles, and that very day I began to improve. When I arrived home I went to an oculist and had glasses of the right power prescribed. I use these in reading and working, and since then have been a different man. I am no longer worried about my health. I don't fear in-sunity. I am not dreading death, and think of getting married next year, and intend to dance at my grandchild's silver welding. other line. cure, wasn't itr-New York Mail

A Privileged Sultana.

The Sultana Valide is the only inmate of the Turkish royal harem who is privileged to receive visits from foreigners. Under a manner of quiet dignity she carries deter-mination, which makes high officials dread her influence and seek her favor. In time of peril and distress she may admit deputations from the army and people; her judgment in affairs is acknowledged, and she has been known to plead for her son with eloquence and pathos. At the festival of Bairam, celebrated by the departure of pilgrims for Mecoa, she joins the highest dignitaries and ministers, officers civil and martial, in kissing the hem of the sultant robe. By court Springs, Salt Lake, etc., now on eliquette he must stand in her presence, sit-sale at City Ticket Office, 127 N. ing the hem of the sultan's robe. By court etiquette be must stand in her presence, sit-ting at her request; in return the place at his right hand, given by Solomon to his mother, is still the reserved seat for the mother of the padisha. The pontoon bridge spanning the Golden Horn, crossed daily by 100,000 men, is called the bridge of the Sultana Valide, and leads to a mosque of the A. A. Hype Pres. Nert Witness Designs. same name. - Susan E. Wallace in New York

A Bottle Making Machine.

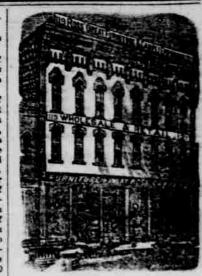
Like many other industries, the work of bottle making has of late years suffered so much from foreign competition that it has almost been driven from this country, Germany and Belgium being the largest pro-ducers. It is hoped, however, that the lost industry may be again revived here, these hopes being founded upon a lately invented machine, which will turn out bottles far more expeditionaly than they can be made by hand, and at a tithe of the cost. This machine is the invention of Mr. Howard M. Ashley, and is being worked at the glass manufactory of Mesars, Sykes, Macvay & Co., of Castleford. In this machine the molten glass is poured into a mold, and the application of air under pressure distends the glass and causes it to fill the interior of that mold. It is believed that when this machine is complite, with six condition that the professor would give young or eight molds, it will be possible by it to Allen French lessons. Prattling with the make twenty-four bottles per minute.— Chambers' Journal.

A Sensible Custom.

One of the sensible customs that the Angiomaniac is to be credited with introducing is that of turning up the bottoms of the trousers n stormy and muddy weather, which is now becoming conspicuously general, whereas formerly only a few independent pedestrians slightly rolled up the rear side, and thereby spoiled the set of the spring. The English style of rolling up the trousers all round,

substance. Modern perfumers used to pre-pare the perfumes and spices found inside of mummies in such a way as to make ladies
"dote on it." Paper manufacturers have
used the wrappings of mammies to make
coarse paper, and the cloth and rags have
been used as clothing.—New York Sun.

Several prominent Muskeron lumbermen proposed plan of railing logs across Lake Toler Kes Harra B Lombard, Jr. J. M. Aller W. F. Green, L. D. Skinner, Jan. Lombard.



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